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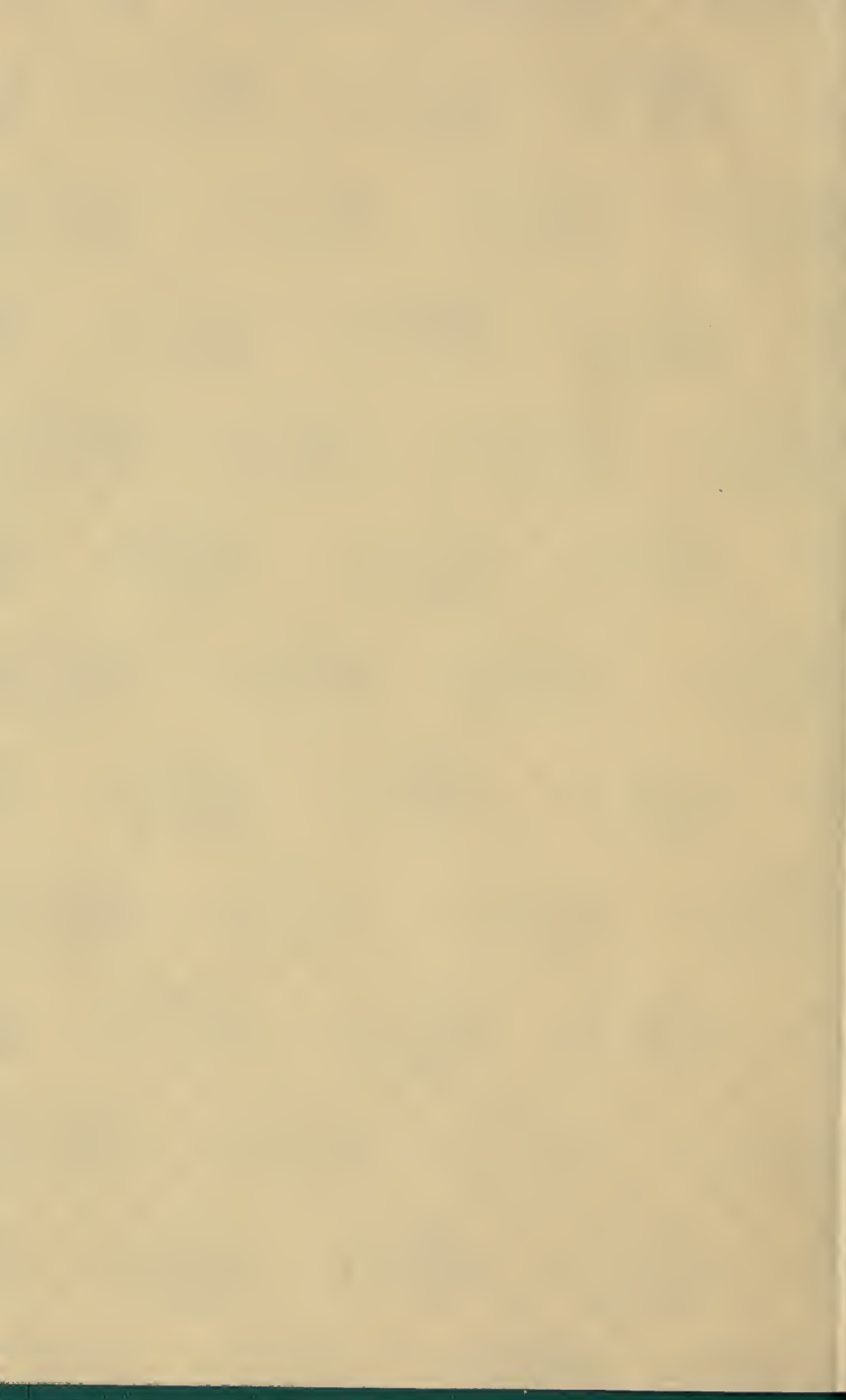


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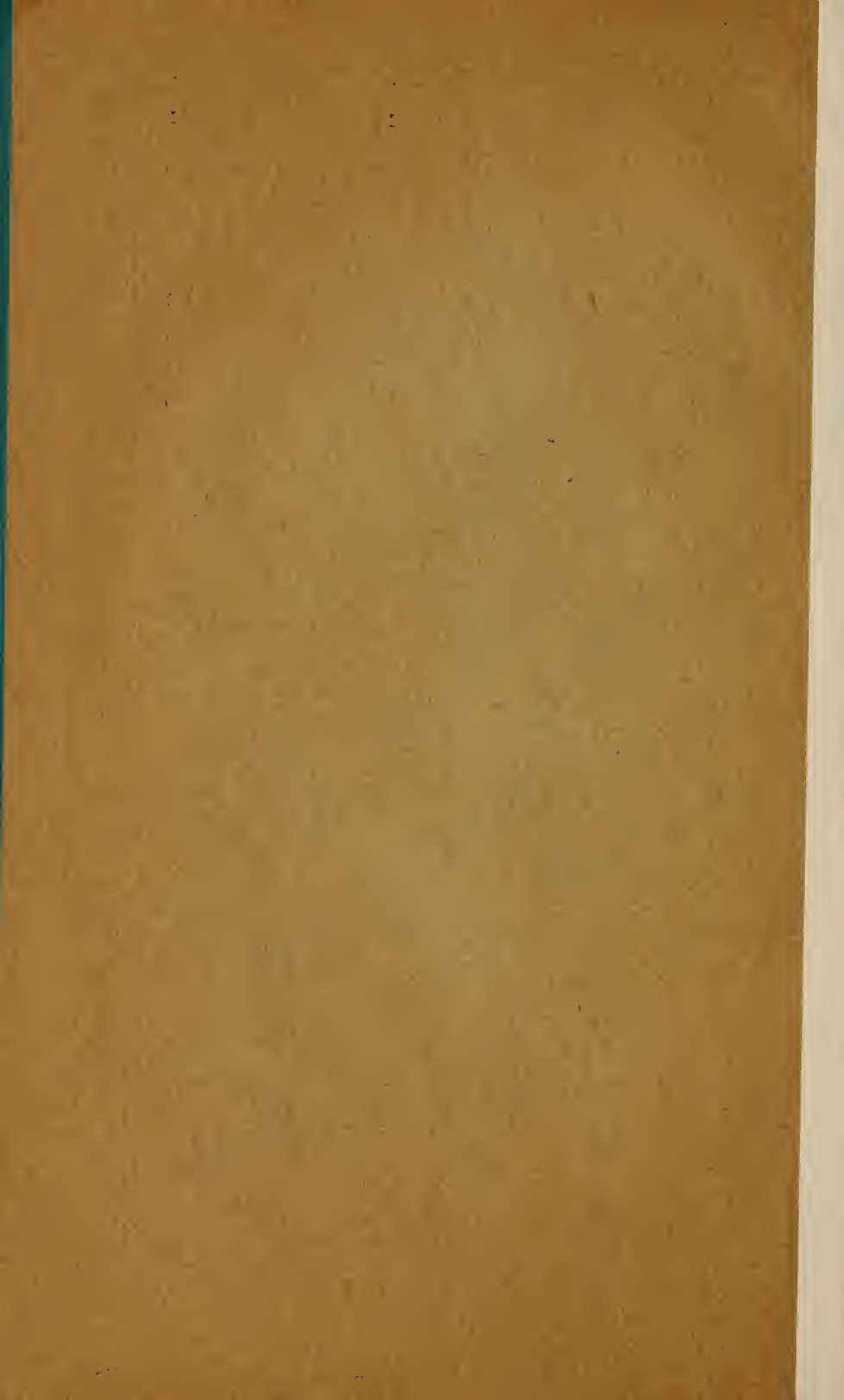
ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

A LECTURE BY

ROBERT NOURSE.

THIRD EDITION.

WASHINGTON, D. C.
GRAY & CLARKSON, PUBLISHERS.
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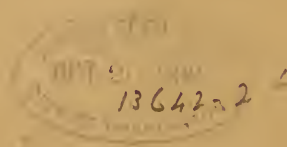
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ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

Imagine before you two gentlemen—one with a broad rosy face, short curly chestnut hair, blue eyes, strong limbs, a determined appearance, and weighing *at least* two hundred pounds, that is John ; the other tall, spare, wiry, with angular features, a bright hazel eye, long thin hair, a tuft on his chin, and weighing one hundred and ten pounds, more or less, that is Jonathan. These are the same animal varied under different domestications. About two hundred years ago Jonathan left his friend John and took to the forest. From that day to this he has been busy in clearing it for farms and roads and villages and cities, and has had no leisure in which to get fat. To lay flesh on his ribs has not yet become the supreme interest of his life.

It has taken twelve hundred years in which to make John ; no wonder that he is so well filled out. Jonathan has been in making about a sixth of that time ; he is, therefore, nothing more than a sketch—a man in outline. In John are four distinct families—the ancient Briton, the Anglo-Saxon, the Dane, and the Norman, therefore his greatness and individuality. Considering the races that are mingling on these shores it is not at all unlikely but that Jonathan will be greater than John when he has had time to grow. At present he is nothing but a lad, although he promises to be the greatest man on earth in past or present time. He will be a wonderful composition. On this foundation of solid English there will be German, French, Scandinavian, Scotch, Negro, Indian, and Irish. I put the English first because it is scientifically and historically correct to do so. I put the Irish *last* because I did not want to make a row. They

may quarrel if they will, and it seems as though they will, provided they do not get their quarrel into us or us into their quarrel. But what a man will this be, in whom there shall be the English sturdy character, German patience, love of home and music; French vivacity, Scandinavian endurance, Scotch shrewdness, Ethiopian eloquence, a little of the blood of the noble red man, Chinese reverence for parents, living and dead, and Irish wit. If in the process of growth the infirmities of these races are sifted out there will be a type of man on these shores such as the world has dreamed of only, with a continent for his home, popular sovereignty for his government, and himself restored to that which his Maker designed him to be—the lord and sovereign of nature.

Imagine before you two ladies—one in middle life with gray hair and rosy cheeks, very quietly and neatly dressed, able to walk a dozen miles a day, a hearty, handsome buxom dame, a real queen of a woman, that is Dame Brittania; the other a most exquisite girl, saucy, pretty, free in her manners, strong, yea invincible, in her virtue; with dark hair, lustrous eyes, small hands, and delicate feet; she is able to hold her own among the princesses of Europe; she can write a novel and paint a picture and teach a school and sing a song and harness a horse and row a boat and fire a rifle; and she can also sew and bake and scrub and build a fire if she likes, which she generally does not like, that is Miss Columbia. I know just such women in England and just such girls in America. All are not like them, but they are the type to which most approximate, and from which some degenerate. These are the other sex of John and Jonathan.

Imagine two creatures before you—the noblest one of the forest, the grandest one of the air—the lion and the eagle. The one roars and the nations tremble; the other soars, the heavens open to its flight; the world looks on admiringly at its magnificence.

It is of these two men, their counterparts in these two women, emblemed in the king of beasts and king of birds—in short, of the two greatest nations on earth, that I have undertaken to speak with on this present occasion.

Although we have one origin and one history—for English history is the beginning of ours, and ours the continuation of that—though there is much intercourse piratical and otherwise between

us, yet there is a great deal of ignorance in England concerning America. It seems impossible to get into the mind of the average Englishman any idea of the size of this country. We don't know it ourselves. Very few Americans know that the central city of the United States is San Francisco, and yet a reference to the map will convince you that it is just as many longitudinal degrees from San Francisco to the utmost western limit of our empire as it is from that city to New York. When we have surveyed a new territory and attempt to give a conceivable idea of its size to the public we are obliged to lay aside all such standards as miles, furlongs, leagues, and acres, and say it is so many times larger than all New England. Therefore we should not be surprised if, to make intelligible to the American, who is born to large things and expects to realize them, we have to take the oldest part of the continent and multiply it by five, six, seven, eight, nine, or ten, as the case may be. I say then we ought not to be surprised if the Englishman thinks we are deliberately lying when we tell the truth concerning spaces and distances in the United States.

I feel sure that if I were to return to-night to a little town in the east of England, justly celebrated as the birthplace of two distinguished men—Tom Paine and myself—I would not be long in my father's house before it would be known all over that his eldest son had returned from America. Within an hour a dozen dear old ladies would call on me to commiserate me for having been so unfortunate as to have lived a few years in America. To take one as a specimen of the rest she would look me over, heave a dozen heavy sighs at me, and begin her interrogations: "Pore boy, and so you've been to America, have ye?" I would acknowledge the soft impeachment. "Pore boy, and you have come back agin, hev ye?" I would reply in the affirmative. "Pore boy, aint it hot there?" "Yes, indeed, it is." "Ah, pore boy, aint it cold?" "Yes; so cold that you have had nothing like it." "Pore boy, aint ye made a rare old lot of money?" "I should say so. I have been a preacher in America for twelve years, and all preachers make money there." Then she would ask me what we ate, drank, and wore; the kind of houses in which we lived, all leading to a question which reveals the sole object of her visit. "Don't you recollect my boy Tom?" "Oh, yes; of course I do; we went to school and played

cricket together. Pray, what has become of Tom?" "Well, you see, Tom got onsteady, and then he 'listed for a sodger, but he did not like it, and so he desarted and went to Ameriky. Oh, he often writes to me and sends me money, so I don't have to go to the house. Did you never see him? I thought it would comfort me to know you had. Where do ye live?" "I live in Wisconsin." "Do ye? Well, Tom lives there somewhere." "Whereabouts? Have you his address?" "Yes; I brought it with me." And then the good mother would take it from her folded 'kerchief, for it tells her where Tom is, and hands it to me. It is just as I expected, for I read, "Thomas Smith, New Orleans, La." I hand it back to her and say, "Mrs. Smith, Tom does not live anywhere near me. I live in Wisconsin, where we have nine months winter, and three months late in the fall. He lives in New Orleans, where they have twelve months summer, four months flood, three months yellow fever, and a number of infamous lotteries. It is true that we both live on the same river, but he is two thousand miles further south." Then she would rise in her anger and say: "Thanke ye, sir; I'll bid ye good evening, sir. You had better go back to Ameriky with yere big yarns where ye belong, and not try to impose on an old lady like me." She would leave the house in high dudgeon. My revered father would then take me to task and remonstrate with me for never having restrained my imagination and having made him enemies among his neighbors in his old age. I would beg his pardon, for to insist on the sober truth would be to offend him. If the next day I met an educated English gentleman, I could not tell him what every American schoolboy knows without bringing an incredulous smile to his face. He would know exactly the topography of ancient Greece and Rome, but whether Chicago is in Pennsylvania or Pennsylvania in Chicago he would not know, and I am afraid he would not care. Now, it is not that they desire to disbelieve the simple and familiar statements, it is they cannot comprehend them. The horizon of the world is the extent of their practical observation. Thousands upon thousands have never left the village of their birth, slept under any but one roof, or in any but one bed. Hence, when an Englishman comes to America his chief concern is to bring his bed with him, and hundreds of them do so. I remember a lad with whom I went to school, who, when he was eighteen, left his home for three long weeks, dur-

ing which time he was never more than thirty miles distant. On his return he told us that "he had seen a great deal of the world, and had been exposed to many temptations." A clergyman who attended the Pan-Presbyterian synod, held a year or two ago in Philadelphia, informed me that he was domiciled with two reverend D. D.'s from the north of England. One of these had brought a parcel to be delivered to a former parishioner in Missouri. One day dinner was delayed, and after the hostess had made her apologies, he said to my friend: "Get your hat and show me the way, we can deliver that parcel before dinner." The same brother possesses an article written within the past six months and published in a provincial paper, in which there is a description of one of those terrible "Western cyclones" which raged in New York. The writer goes on to say "that at the time a lady and her five children were walking in Central Park. So mighty was this engine of destruction that it lifted them from their feet and landed them in the Mississippi, which ran near by. A few days afterward their bodies were discovered a few miles down the river at a place called Chicago, where, according to American custom, they were embalmed, and from thence were carried for burial by the bereaved husband and disconsolate father to the family lot in a beautiful cemetery just outside the lovely village of Dakota."

You may think these exaggerations, but when English papers announce that Mr. Cleveland Ohio is President of the United States, and Chicago the most enterprising and most rapidly-growing State of the Union, you will believe almost anything you hear on the subject.

When, a few weeks ago, I was lecturing in Northern Wisconsin, an Englishman who listened to these statements came to me and said, "Ay, lad, but thou didst tell the truth to-night. I went 'ome two years ago, and a told 'em aboot how big this country were, and how long it took to go to one place and the other, and ma brother-in-law he lay back and laughed; and a said, 'Bill, what art a laughing at?' and he said, 'I'm a laughing to see what a big liar you've got to be since you have been in Ameriky.'"

On the other hand there is some ignorance in some parts of America concerning England. If John cannot conceive of the vastness of

this country, Jonathan cannot imagine the greatness of that. How that little island lying off the coast of Europe can hold and maintain so many people is a problem that would greatly puzzle Jonathan if he would but give himself time to think about it. It is a standing joke that when an American goes to England he never ventures out after dark, for he is afraid of falling off. He probably would but for the number of people there to hold him on. They always hang on to an American over there—so much so that the majority of foreigners who complain to the detectives of Scotland Yard that they have been outwitted are Americans. On that little island there are half as many people as with us. We expect one hundred millions in the year nineteen hundred. We double our population every twenty-five years. At this rate how long do you think it will take us to be as thickly populated as England? It will take us thirteen hundred years, and then we will number one billion three hundred and twenty million souls.

On that little island is a city the epitome and wonder of the world. Its inhabitants number five millions, it adds to its population seventy-five thousand persons annually—enough not only to make a large city in Europe, but a respectable start for one of our enormous Territories in America. One hundred and sixty thousand children are born into it yearly.

It has 568 railway stations. Through one junction alone (Clapham Junction) there pass 1374 trains a day, about two a minute. The railways of the United States last year carried 250,000,000 passengers, but in this city there is a road that crawls underground like a worm, coming onto the surface now and then like a worm, draining the streets of London, and it carried 110,000,000 passengers, and that is but one railway out of many.

Stand with me on the steps of the Mansion House and from thence twelve miles out in every direction the postman goes calling at every house on every street, it may be, every hour of the day, from six in the morning till twelve o'clock at night. Divide the city proper into four sections—north, south, east and west; take the east section and we find the first daily delivery of letters averages a million.

Six hundred thousand persons daily enter and leave the comparatively small area of 632 acres of the city proper. Put its streets end to end and we have a continuous line of houses sufficient to go round

the world, enough left over to make a street on both banks of the Mississippi from St. Paul to New Orleans, with several miles rushing into the gulf.

In London there are more Roman Catholics than in Rome, more Jews than in Palestine, more Scotchmen than in Aberdeen, more Welshmen than in Cardiff, more Irishmen than in Belfast, and during the excursion season more Yankees than in Connecticut.

We are all interested in land and each of us expect to take up some. Suppose we take up a quarter section in London, what would we have to pay for it? A short time ago a piece of land sold in Lombard street at the rate of \$10,000,000 per acre, about \$3,000,000 more than we paid for all Alaska—that's the place for a tree claim.

I do not know a city more truly interesting to an intelligent American than this. It seems to belong to us, for here Shakespeare wrote some and acted others of his incomparable dramas. Here Milton was born, sang of liberty, died and sleeps. Here Benjamin Franklin lodged and wrote of practical philosophy. Here Byron was born. Here Turner made the canvas live. Here Handel sang a grander song than the morning stars of heaven. Here Coleridge went to school. Here the gentle Charles Lamb wrote charming essays, toiled at a government desk, and made immortal jokes. Here Goldsmith wrote the Vicar of Wakefield, and Defoe, Robinson Crusoe. Here Dickens met the Wellers and Mrs. Nickleby and Mr. Mantinelli, who has gone to be a body. Here Thackeray scorched snobbery. Here George Eliot wrote philosophy. Here Tom Carlyle growled at everybody and everything. Here martyrs died for you. Here they suffered imprisonment and tortures for the principles on which we live in America. We cannot analyze the influences within and the powers surrounding our lives, the joys that have come into them from knowledge, art, religion, song, and liberty, without seeing that we owe more to London than to any city this side the Atlantic. The names I have mentioned are familiar, they are household words; the spirits they represent rule us from their urns—let us not forget that their urns are over there.

Not only is there *ignorance* between the two countries, but prejudice. John is a prejudiced old gentleman, and Mrs. John is a self-opinionated old lady. Dear old soul, she can scarcely forgive her beautiful

daughter for marrying the primeval forest and setting up house-keeping for herself. At the time she made a great fuss about it and did all that an over-anxious mother could to break off the match, but she could not. The smart young lady slapped the old lady's face, upset her tea-pot in Boston Harbor, returned her soldiers with her compliments, and declined to be wedded to a European prince. The dear old woman was shocked and prophesied all sorts of evil things. The temper of the younger lady has become calm and we have been getting on grandly ever since. England likes it and yet she does not. She is proud of being the mother of such a nation. She is a little chagrined that the nation is not still tied to her apron strings, which, thank God, it is not.

In consequence of the feeling created by our past affairs, by her institutions and by her commercial interest, England took the wrong side during our late civil war. No, let me correct myself and say that England took the *right* side. Now just look at that Yankee staring ferociously at me for my heresy. Just listen to him as he says, "Neow, stranger, I calkerlate you are considerable mixed there, aint you? Didn't England send money to the South?" Yes. "Did she not send supplies to the South?" Yes. "Had she not something to do with the 'Alabama' matter?" Yes, yes. "Wall, then, stranger, did not England take the wrong side?" No, let me explain. It is undoubtedly true that the aristocrats of England had more sympathy with the Southern than with the Northern cause, they cared more for the master than the slave; the cotton brokers and manufacturers and merchants thought their craft in danger, and, like too many of those in this country, they cared more for that than for men. I believe that many of these had the wool pulled over their eyes so that they were blinded to the fact that the war involved the manumission of the slave. But let that pass, for the aristocrats of England are no more England than the monopolists of America are America. Where were the people of England, then? They were in their churches and chapels praying to the Lord of hosts for his blessing on the Northern arms. The people's preachers hurled red hot anathemas at those who had put their money into Southern bonds, or who had seemed to give their country to the oppression of slaves. They became prophetic and said the Northern cause would win, and it did; that the money invested in Southern bonds would sink into Tophet, and it has.

The people filled the largest halls of the kingdom, and when the halls could not contain them they went to the market places and the village greens, and gave sympathetic attention to Beecher and Thompson and John Bright and other friends of America and humanity, and therefore I say that beyond a question *England*, that is, the best of English brain and heart, was on the *right* side during our late terrible conflict.

England did wrong, perhaps we can never forget it. It would not be amiss to forgive it. She atoned for her sin. She covered the wound she made with a \$15,000,000 bill. The plaster was too large for the hurt. We could not use quite half of it. Several millions remain unused. No one has a claim upon it. We are ashamed to send it back. I expect to go to Congress soon, and then I have resolved to bring in a bill which shall authorize the Government to spend it in machines that shall send Mormonism where we have sent slavery—out of existence.

Since then the prejudice has lost some of its strength. England admires the wonderful resurrection that has followed the depression incident to the war. English capitalists invest in our bonds and buy up our lands. Princess Louise has been our neighbor. She has trusted us with some of her great men for lecturing, acting, preaching, and teaching. She helped us celebrate our centennial. She came to Yorktown. Lowell's literary merits secured for him the Lord Rectorship of St. Andrews. The Queen has entertained General Grant. Longfellow's memory is perpetuated in Westminster Abbey. America's poet gave some matchless words to England's baronet. He wedded them to an equally matchless melody, and now two nations, who best know the worth of home, sing Home, Sweet Home. A cable takes her hand and ours; soon we shall be on speaking terms with each other. When this nation was in mourning, and all civilization stood still as we marched with muffled drums to the grave, it was the wreath of England's noble Queen that was most conspicuous on the coffin of the martyred Garfield.

Notwithstanding all this there yet remains some—incredible as it may seem—prejudice against that refined and elegant gentleman, the American hog; they would have none of it if they could help it, but you see they can't help it. So John has to swallow his prejudices with our pork. It is our hog or none.

An Englishman is prejudiced against anything new. He lives in the past. He believes in precedent and relies on the tested. Then living under a monarchy, he questions the superiority of a republic. Specimens of American people, whom he has seen, and with whom he has dealt, have not been our best—their mental abilities exceeded their moral qualities. American sympathy for Ireland, which if rightly known is nothing but a bid for the Irish vote, is not pleasant. A civil war denounced by the church of the Irish, true Irish patriots, and all right-minded people, except some American politicians—this war, with its diabolical plots hatched in America and maintained by our money, is not provocative of the best of feeling—it does not allay the prejudice.

And is there none on this side? A man cannot live many years among the American people and escape it. Perhaps this is as it should be, at any rate it seems natural, for when we have not fought, among ourselves our fighting has been against the British. Perhaps if we were not as British as we are we would never fight at all. This is written into our life, our history; our children read it, our brothers who fought for the preservation of the Union are living epistles full of it. One a short time ago said "that he hoped the Arabs of the Soudan would whip the British, for they were fighting his battles." Certain articles which we find in our newspapers, certain doings in the halls of Congress, certain speeches from the lips of our public men, certain societies in our midst, certain infernal machines made here for the sole purpose of destroying English men and buildings, certain threatenings of revenge from a foreign people among our people, whose spirit and principle are antagonistic to the republic, who are our internal enemies, show that here within this people there is prejudice very deep and malignant. It will be a sorry day when John and Jonathan cease to be friends. Time will remove the ignorance and prejudice on both sides. Let England alone in her trouble with Ireland. We don't understand it. There are faults on both sides. England has done wrong and England will do right. She has tried to do right, but every attempt has been met by cold-blooded murder, by villainous crime. Let England alone in her trouble with Ireland, it will be time enough for us to interfere with Irish affairs when we have an Irish trouble of our own. When we have washed the filth of Mormonism from our skirts, when we have left

off oppressing, robbing, and murdering the Indian, then, perhaps, it will be our duty to settle England's affairs with Ireland, but not till then.

With the hope of contributing something toward maintaining *the very best of feeling* between these two great nations, I shall show that America is indebted to England for some blessings which she could not have obtained from any other country. Has England done anything for America? Yes, as much as the Old Testament dispensation did for the New; as much as a mother can do for her child. *England made America possible*. It may be said that if England had not done what she has some other nation would, but I shall show you that no other nation could.

England gave us our language. In this we are one, notwithstanding contrary opinions. Correspondents write home and tell us that they are frequently asked to speak a little American so that they may judge of the quality of the language, and are astonished when they are told that we, too, speak English. I have been complimented on speaking our language remarkably well for a foreigner. This is a fortune, for if it had not been English it would have been Indian. Therefore, all the foreigners who are coming here to live are coming to read, write and speak English. It is a most wonderful vehicle of thought. It is the Shakespeare of speech. It takes into itself the choicest words of other tongues, naturalizes and uses them. It tells the tale of love with the felicity of French. It speaks philosophy as well as German. It reveals religion like Hebrew. It polishes like Greek. It is as stately as Latin. It is destined to be the universal tongue. Rich as it is we have improved it. We have added to its vocabulary such beautiful words as highfalutin, shennagin and whangdoodle, besides teaching the British how to pronounce their words. The principle of caste is so intense that, while the ignorant mispronounce words, the aristocrats mispronounce them too, because they will not be like the learned. Go among the dissenters and hear an educated man read the familiar text, "He that hath ears to hear let him hear," and he will read it much as an American does; but go to church and hear a churchman announce it as *his* text and all that you will make out will be, "He that harth yaws to yaw let him yaw."

England gave us our common law. It guides our courts, it rules

our country. Blackstone is at the basis of our legal philosophy and practice. Our courts of justice are after the English rather than the continental pattern. Judge, jury, methods of procedure, are English with this exception, that the process of law is slower there than here and surer there than here. If a man gets into law there he will probably be in his grave a century before the case reaches a final decision, except in criminal cases, when both man and case will reach a final decision with a dispatch and certainty that would make Jonathan open his eyes and cause him to feel that it would be healthier for him to leave the country if he were the criminal. No namby-pamby sentiment comes between the court and prisoner there. The felon's dock is not decked with beautiful flowers there. The people don't hanker after the autographs of murderers there. Rebels are not pardoned just before election so that they may outvote honest men there. The Queen, the aristocracy, the army, the church and people unite in maintaining that of which we have sometimes heard and too seldom seen—the majesty of law.

England gave us our literature. Nearly all our public libraries are English. Nearly all the books of this country are of English authorship. There is hardly a publishing house in America that does not consider itself morally bound to steal a book from England and publish it. Our shelves bend beneath the weight of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, the *Metropolitan*, *Chambers'*, the works of Macanlay, Hume, Smollet, Gibbon, Froude, Lecky, Dickens, Trollope, George Eliot, Thackeray, Bulwer, and a host of others. The Seaside, the Lovell, and the Franklin Square libraries are chiefly reprints of English works. We are not old enough to be a writing people, but we are old enough and wise enough to be a reading people. Where would have gone the delightful hours we have spent with these great authors, the information they gave, the philosophy of affairs we have, the culture and refinement resulting from their acquaintance, if England had not poured this literature into our life?

England gave us the locomotive. We frequently brag of our rapid progress compared with the slower growth of European powers. Our material and intellectual progress is so great that our loudest boastings are commendably modest; but if England had not given us the iron horse of civilization, this could not have been done. We built States in quicker time than they built churches, and it is due somewhat to the locomotive which England gave.

England gave us religion. This is her greatest and best. Religion is the soul of a people. Give me a man's religion and I will give you the man. Give me the man and I will tell you his religion. Considering that the only religion indigenous to American soil is Mormonism, it is a blessing indeed that, with other gifts, England added this.

Our Christianity came by way of England in such a form that the foundations of this republic were laid upon it, with such a spirit that the republic has been maintained.

This is the home of all sects. Each one is garrisoned by the soldiers of liberty. None are persecuted, not even free-lovers or infidels. Such phenomena are known in no other nation in the world, and this is in consequence of the form of Christianity England gave us. And what was that? you ask. Calvinism! Has Calvinism done any good in the world? you ask. Indeed it has. It has made republics; it obtained by the prayers and blood of its children that liberty in which all other Christians live. The first time I gave this lecture a reporter was present. What do you think he said in his next issue? He said I was a fool and that none but a fool would make such assertions. I did not mind it, for I had been called a fool before, but lest any other reporter should say the same thing I feel it my duty to say that there is a fool named Macaulay and one named Froude and one named Bancroft and one named Motley and one named Buckle, who especially calls attention to the fact that all the modern republics that have stood any fair amount of time were established by Calvinists—Switzerland, Holland, and America! The first in order owes its existence to the truth and spirit of John Calvin himself. Here are the facts: Macaulay attempts the philosophy of them. "When," he says, "Calvin laid hold of the doctrine of the sovereignty of God 'he placed his foot on the neck of kings;'" and now we have 50,000,000 with their feet on the neck of kings, acknowledging no sovereign but the Almighty One. Buckle explains the matter by saying that its creed appeals to the intellect, that the worship in its churches has been simple and bare and had little attraction for the sensuous, and that the churches that have appealed most to the senses have been without exception intolerant and tyrannical.

America was nothing until England gave us her men with this

religion—the grim old Puritan, the persecuted Pilgrim. The Indian had been here for centuries but the forest remained. The Spaniards had rifled our mines to fill the coffers of European courts. The Jesuit fathers had done some noble work by their piety and self-denial, but made nothing permanent. The cavalier had settled in Virginia and the Dutch in New York, and yet this great continent was asleep until the Puritan came; and when he came he was like the angel of the resurrection morning, and now behold the new heavens and the new earth.

Since then England has continued to send us men. At a fair estimate she has contributed between four and five millions to the population of this country since the year 1815. They have not all been Calvinists or Christians, but they have made excellent American citizens. If you will search the lists of newspapers, magazines and reviews published in this land, you will find them devoted to the German and French and others, but how many will you find in the interest of the English-born American citizen? *Not one!* You cannot say that of any other people in our midst. You have heard of men of other nationalities keeping the holidays of their birth-nation, and in order to do it most effectually carrying the flag of that nation before the Stars and Stripes—sometimes furled beneath it; but you never heard of an English society doing that. You have heard of Irish-Americans and German-Americans, but have you heard of English-Americans? Our politicians shout themselves hoarse for the Irish vote and the German vote, but did you ever hear of a politician raising his voice to a whisper for the English vote? You never did, for this very good reason: “There is no such thing in all America.” When we withdrew our allegiance from the Queen of England we gave it to the people of the United States. If I may be allowed to speak for the rest I will say that we thank God that it was our good fortune to have been born in England and our equally good fortune to have become citizens of this great Republic. Such terms as German or Irish Americans ought to be buried forever, and the only flag that should be unfurled in America is the Stars and Stripes.

Just lately England has sent us a new type of human. The most conspicuous thing about him is his dress. He wears a very short coat, very tight pantaloons, a very high collar, a very big necktie,

very thick-soled one-toed boots, a cane, an eye-glass, and a bull dog. We call him a dude, ye know. Last fall I met one of these creatures in New York, and he, learning that I was of English origin, expressed his desire to learn a little about dear old England, ye know. I told him to put any question he liked, ye know. "Ah, yes," he said; "do you come from any of the first families, ye know?" I replied, "From the very first, ye know." "Had your family a coat-of-arms, ye know?" I said, "Yes, several; there were a number of us, all of us had arms, and thank God we had coats to cover them, ye know." He looked surprised, and asked, "How far my family went back, ye know," and I said, "To Adam, ye know." Then he said, "Blast it," and left me, ye know. One of these dudes became acquainted with an American girl, and insisted on going home with her from church. Proceeding, he felt dudey, and said, "What would you do if you were I and I were you?" "Well," she said, "if I were you I would throw away that vile cigarette, cut up my cane for firewood, wear my watch-chain underneath my vest, and stay at home at night and pray for brains." We had better send him back with the pauper and sparrow. We have no use for them in this busy country. We have dudes enough of our own; for all ornamental purposes the *Yankee dude* 'ill do.

England has given us the Puritan to lay the foundations of the nation, the citizens to sustain it, the dude to amuse it, and now she is sending another kind of her men.

Out West is a young lady engaged to Tom Smith. Her father becomes suddenly rich, and says to her, "Why don't you and Tom get married?" "Oh, pa! I cannot marry Thomas; I cannot marry any of the horrid American boys. I must have a title. I want to marry an English lord." "All right, by all means; how much will he cost?"

At Baden-Baden is an English lord. He dare not go back to England, for the money lenders would get him; he dare not go out except on Sunday, or the sheriff would take him. He sits down and looks at his seedy coat, feels of his empty pocket and stomach, and says: "I have no money, no credit, no education, no character, but I have a title. How many men are there in America with maids and money to spare, and I perish with hunger. I will arise and go to America;" and so he borrows the money and starts steerage.

The cable announces that my Lord Empty Skull is crossing the ocean in the "Good Samaritan." Paw is sent to New York to meet him. The ship steams into port; my Lord Empty Skull lands. Paw accosts him: "Are you my Lord Empty Skull?" "I am." "Do you want an heiress?" "I do. How much will you give with her?" The price is arranged; they go West; there is a big wedding. In the house there is music and dancing, and Tom stands outside with a shotgun. He takes his bride to England and introduces her to his mother, the dowager Duchess of Nowhere, his sisters, the Lady Betty, the Lady Susan, and the Lady Maria. They learn that "paw" made his money in lumber, at which they turn up their aristocratic noses. Then he procures his bride a London lodging and leaves her, while he goes on the continent to spend her money with harlots in riotous living. I do not mean to say that all the English aristocrats are like that, for some of them are indeed noblemen. But this is no fancy sketch—it is a page of actual experience; it is likely to be repeated. If an English lord comes in search of a wife he is likely to be like that, only more so. Young ladies, beware! Be careful and patient. If you must have an Englishman, wait patiently and without murmuring, and you may get a preacher.

England has not only given us these men, but a market. In 1882 and 1883 our total exports were \$805,000,000—\$420,000,000 of it went to England, or 55 per cent. of it. Now what could America do without that market? She took \$100,000,000 worth of wheat and flour; \$400,000,000 of corn, and \$150,000,000 worth of cotton. Besides she bought \$33,000,000 worth of pork; \$12,000,000 of cheese; \$7,000,000 of lard, and \$7,000,000 of petroleum. Some one may ask, but how can England do without this supply? I don't know, but I think she can do without us better than we can without her. She imported from her colonies and foreign countries goods to the amount of \$2,065,098,400 or two and two-thirds billions; to which America contributed \$420,000,000, which is a small amount. But what would America do without it? We cannot eat it. No other people can buy it. We send, you see, \$420,000,000 to England, and only \$60,000,000 to our next best customer—Germany. All the world besides cannot take it. England won't starve. She has vast colonies, and is developing them. And yet we are doing

our best to get rid of it. Our market is decreasing. In 1880 and 1881 we sent each year about \$560,000,000. Our trade is less than it was since 1878. There must be a cause for this. England in consequence of a series of bad harvests since 1879 has been importing more; then it was \$1,500,000,000, now it is \$2,400,000,000, and we are sending \$120,000,000 less. How is this? It ought not to be so. How is it that India threatens to supply all Europe with wheat within ten years; that our wheat is a drug on the English market at 90 cents a bushel? It is due, first, to the development of her colonies; second, to a lack of reciprocity of trade, and third, to a decided prejudice against our dynamite. John has had enough of it. It is of no use to make a highway of the Mississippi to the ocean, if, when we get to the other side, there is no market for our goods. Think of it, ye business men, and demand that our best customer be let alone. When John buys pork, he expects pork and not bomb shells.

So you see England has done something for us. Other nations have contributed their men and manners. All have done something good, but none have done so much or so well as dear old England.

Let me turn the tables and show what America has done for England. It is within the limits of truth to say that no country has done or is doing so much good to England as America. Her colonies do not exert nearly so much influence upon her. She is a stranger to her next door neighbor, France; by law, custom, language she is a foreigner to every other European nation. But in consequence of the splendid ocean steamships that almost bridge the Atlantic there is a great deal of intercourse between us. I don't know whether England will ever be a republic, for the French republic is but an experiment, and this is so costly in some particulars that possibly she will not become a republic so long as she can support a monarchy. Still, though England may not in the near future alter the form of her government yet we have already influenced her to alter the spirit of it. England is republicanized, so that it is the opinion of some that the best republic on earth is the monarchy in England.

We have convinced the people of England that it is the birth-right of every citizen of repute to have such a part in the government as to

choose his law-makers. At the beginning of this century comparatively few enjoyed this privilege. In 1832 the suffrage was extended. In 1867 and 1868 another extension took place; and now, under the influence of the education act, others are qualified; and Gladstone has brought in a bill which admits 2,000,000 more to the electoral franchise. The time is not far distant when the people will elect their sovereign.

We have shown the people of England that a people can be happy, prosperous, and Christian without a union of church and state. Evils flow from that unhappy and unnatural alliance from which we have been free. Can you imagine the members of Congress arranging a table of Scripture lessons, deciding the length of morning and evening prayer, levying a tax upon all the people to maintain the churches of a few? Can you imagine them appointing officers of these churches and denying citizens the right to civic office because they were not of this sect? And yet the English parliament, composed of Churchmen, Non-conformists, Catholics, Unitarians, Quakers, Jews, and Infidels, has been often engaged in just such work.

Can you imagine a man being tabooed in society because he does not happen to be of your religious persuasion? Yet, that it is not only a frequent occurrence in England, but its very spirit.

Can you imagine the public graveyards, the common property of the people, being closed against a portion; or, when opened to all, being divided so that one neighbor will lie here and another there? It is beyond our comprehension.

Now England is looking to this country and asking if, under the voluntary system, one in every five is a member of an evangelical church, if every church is free, if no man is tabooed for his religious convictions, if families are united in life and in death are undivided, why cannot it be so here? And her people are saying it shall be, for America has demonstrated that it can be.

America gave to England the idea and then the courage to promote popular education. Till within the past twenty-five years the people were left in ignorance and it was thought best to keep them so. Educate the people and you make them dangerous, they said. Here you can see the difference between a monarchy and a republic. Educate the people and you destroy the monarchy, they cry; educate the people and you preserve the republic, say we. But now education is

practically unlimited ; there is a highway from the lowest gutter to the loftiest prize of the most ancient university. When educational reform was agitated America was quoted. America gave the inspiration and became the example. The children of England are educated to-day because we educated the children of America.

We have given back some literature, some which, considering our juvenility, we have no reason to be ashamed of. They have Bancroft, Hawthorne, Prescott, Motley, Emerson, Lowell, Longfellow, Whittier, Mrs. Stowe and others. Our monthly magazines are revolutionizing their periodical literature, while the American Classics, Artemus Ward, and Innocents Abroad, and others, are read with as much avidity there as here.

We have given to England the idea of the confederation of all her colonies and possessions, so that the United Kingdom shall no longer comprehend the islands of England and Ireland, but encircle all the people who live within the folds of the British flag. The proposition has been made by Australia, and is being kindly entertained, that in every colonial possession there shall be a local parliament for local affairs. Besides this there shall be held once in four or five years, as the case may be, a pan-parliament for the disposition of imperial matters. Now, when we consider that in ten years the dream may be realized, and again that England rules 160,000 colonial subjects in Europe ; 6,000,000 in America ; 2,500,000 in Africa ; 3,000,000 in Australia, and over 200,000,000 in Asia—I say when we see these 250,000,000 represented in a parliament, and men shall note its words and convert its deeds into unparalleled history, when having done that they shall think of the idea from which the event grew, and shall trace the path of its exodus and search for its genesis, it will be found in America ; for this is our State assemblies and our Congress transplanted to English soil. When the thought shall have grown, so that it embraces the world in a parliament of peace, then it will be seen that our fathers planted it in this soil with their prayers, defended it with their blood, and that our mothers fostered it with their tears. The world is welcome to it. We have no patent on it. England may not know it, but Jonathan is providing John a home for his old age.

Then, not to be too boastful, we have given old England the telegraph, the steamboat, the phonograph, (indeed a number of funny-

graphs,) the electric light, the sewing machine, farm machinery, some organs, a machine for nearly everything, patent medicines, warranted to cure every disease in this or any other world, (which will kill every time for sure,) and, in anticipation of the results, some coffins. This is the greatest stroke of American enterprise that I know. Just as soon as the people of England were inveigled into taking our pain killers and soothing syrups and sarsaparillas another firm, or what is more probable, a combination of these firms, commenced a business in burial caskets. I understand that it is flourishing, at which we are none of us very much surprised.

In taking so many things from England, there are some things we ought to be thankful we did not take. Just now some of our people are having Anglo-mania pretty bad; they think everything American bad, and everything English good. They even suggest that it would be well for us to have English distinctions and titles. To do this we must have an English government, and it is desired because it would be cheaper. Is it? Let us see. The Queen has an annual allowance of \$1,925,000 for the support of her household, and the honor and dignity of the crown of Great Britain and Ireland. Besides this she has the revenues of the Duchy of Lancaster, which in 1882 amounted to \$482,130. And yet with this \$2,407,130 she is unable to spare any of it for her children; therefore, the Prince of Wales has an annual allowance of \$200,000, besides the revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall, which in 1882 amounted to over \$525,000, and yet with this \$725,000 he is unable to keep out of debt, and therefore lest his wife should be short of pocket money the Parliament kindly grants her \$50,000 a year, (the exact amount I allow my wife.) This is by no means all. The Duke of Edinboro' has \$100,000; the Duke of Connaught, \$100,000; Princess Christian, \$30,000; Princess Louise, \$30,000; Duchess of Cambridge, \$30,000; the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg, \$15,000; the Princess of Teck, \$30,000, and the Duke of Cambridge, \$60,000. Here is \$3,500,000 for royalty, and we have not got at the government yet. Now comes Gladstone with \$100,000; the Lord Chancellor with \$100,000; the Chancellor of the Exchequer with \$50,000, and so on through the Cabinet, each one drawing salaries from \$100,000 to \$8,000. Now, when we think of this enormous expenditure, just think of what we will have to pay if we are untrue to the simple life of the republic,

untrue to the religion of our fathers, and use our material resources to corrupt politics, or enervate society, and become through luxury and greed so weak and vile that we shall have to be ruled by a monarch.

What a blessing it is that we have never sent the "Mayflower" back for an army. We have no visible use for the invisible one we have. Now, England has a large and distinguished army. It ought to be, for it costs her \$60,000,000 a year; it numbers 200,000 men. America is *supposed* to have an army which in time of peace cannot exceed 25,000 and it costs America \$4,000,000. If it were as large as that of England it would cost the country \$320,000,000 annually. Every soldier costs America \$16,000 per year and the private draws \$13 per month and his rations. It seems that there is something wrong. There may not be. Perhaps all our soldiers are brigadier-generals on full pay. This is the point: if we had the English army and the English spirit the country would be bankrupt.

It may or may not be a blessing that we did not take the English aristocracy. Here we have no caste. One man is as good as another and a great deal better. But an aristocracy there will be. When we have one, let it be truly American, men of noble lives, notwithstanding birth, blood or color—the nobility of man.

Still, I think we are losers. We lose the sense of respect. It is very hard for us on State occasions to say the Hon. James Blaine or the Hon. John Logan. We very much prefer to say Jim Blaine and Black Jack.

We ought to be thankful that we did not bring the law of entail. A large part of England is held by a few land-holders. This is also the case with Ireland. I am often asked why the English landlords do not sell out in Ireland. They cannot. The estates are entailed. Some apprehension has been felt lest rich men, who have invested their money in enormous tracts of land, should become by that fact our dangerous classes. Those who so think forget that these men will die, and we have numerous lawyers who will split up the estates into smaller sections, and so we shall escape that curse of Europe—the law of entail.

These are a few things we did not take; there remain some yet which it were well for us to adopt.

We ought to get an English post-office. Imagine one. It is

not nearly so imposing a building as we would build for the same amount of business. The work done in it is its chief commendation. There I mail my letters and cash my orders as here. I want to send a telegram and it is the government office which will send my messages twelve words for twelve cents, or if I am too sick to go to the office I write my message at home, my servant drops it into a letter box at the corner of the street on which I live, and in fifteen minutes it is on its way to the end of the earth. My children desire to deposit their savings, and behold, it is a savings bank affording government security and small interest for all sums above a shilling, with opportunities to deposit a sum so small as a penny. I want to insure my life at a small premium and it is a government insurance and annuity office which take small risks for poor people at a small weekly sum. But I have a parcel to send home, a beautiful silk dress for my wife; it is seven feet long and weighs seven pounds, I take it to the post office put seven stamps on it, for this is the people's express office. That is the kind of office we want over here. The Government would then exist for the people. When shall we reach our ideal—a government of the people, by the people, and for the people, instead of the government we have, of monopolists, by monopolists, and for monopolists? When? Just as soon as we are humble enough to learn a little more from old England.

We ought to adopt their civil-service principles. Theirs are the best in the world; ours are the very worst. I say nothing against the men who are filling civil offices; I am speaking against the bad principle of putting a man into office whose chief qualification is that he has been useful to a political party. In England a man must be qualified. There no man fills an office because he is a political partisan, nor put out because the party he opposes happens to come into power. In youth he is examined. He must be free from disease; have no bad habits; be of good moral character. Then his mental abilities will be tested. He must be a good scholar. Then he has to wait for an opening strictly in his turn. An opening occurs. He receives his appointment according to his grade. He is sworn to serve his Queen and country and uphold the constitution; then working like a man, keeping his character, he is promoted, as opportunity occurs. He will not be pushed ahead of any one else, no matter if he be the son of a peer or a peasant. Strictly

in the line of succession he will go up. But he must begin at the bottom. Then having done his duty for a number of years he is not sent adrift to beg his bread, but pensioned with enough to keep him in comfort to the day of his death. This is well for the servant you may think, but is it well for the country? Is it well that men should be taken from the farm or store, with no special fitness for office? Would you take them into your banks? Is it well for the country that men fill office, to draw the salary and make all they can besides, to be turned out as soon as they have learned the business, so that the serfs of the other party may do the same thing? I trow not. What think ye? Should the struggle of parties be the acquisition of the office or the benefit of the people? Ought office be rewards for service? And ought the men who in office serve the country to be taxed to support a party?

We should follow England and adopt the principle of free trade. I would not mention this if I thought it could be construed into a political purpose. As I don't know and as nobody else knows which party desires free trade, or if any, I shall escape such an imputation. I can, without an argument, give you the reasons that weigh with me for urging this. I go into a music store and inquire the price of an organ. "One hundred and fifty dollars, sir." That organ is sold for \$50 in England. I go into another store and inquire the price of a watch. "One hundred and twenty-five dollars, sir." It is exported to England and sold for \$30. I go into another and inquire the price of a sewing-machine. I am asked \$66. It is exported to England and sold for \$15. What I mean by free trade is that you and I purchase American goods at the same price asked for them in England, less the cost of exportation.

We might with advantage import their excellent police. It is very effective, and yet the policeman is not allowed to carry firearms or interfere with the personal liberty of the citizen. Cases of policemen being arrested and punished for excess in discharge of duty are by no means scarce. Such a thing was never heard of in this country. A "bobby" is a standing joke at the circuses and pantomimes. People do not joke with the police here, they grease them. There they are not paid for being hand and glove with the law-breakers of a city. I have no hesitancy in saying that the chief difficulty in sweeping our cities of their moral filth is the police. These men should protect the good, not the evil.

We ought also to get their responsible cabinet. Ours is responsible to no one. The English cabinet sits in parliament on government nights and is ready to answer questions concerning any department of the government.

There are many other things we might get to our advantage. Their healthful open fires; their family life; their veneration for the past; their simple comforts; their outdoor recreations; their manly sports; their moral ideals; the sacred right of person; their liberty of private opinion, and their reverence for sacred things. I do wish we had more of that. Some years ago I was in a little town out West and attended a series of protracted meetings and assisted in them. I had noticed several evenings a very beautiful young lady, and I ventured to speak with her. I said, "My friend, are you a Christian?" Now, what do you think she said? If I had put that question to a young lady in England she would probably have said, "I humbly hope I am," but this one said, "You bet your bottom dollar I am, young man, and don't you forget it." I never did and I don't think I ever will.

We need to lay hold of the principle that made England great; you may think her greatness decaying. There may seem to be a limit to her material prosperity. She is accused of losing her glory because she will not interfere with other people's affairs after the fashion of a hundred years ago. But she is not decaying. She is changing from the sterner to the gentler virtues. But if she should perish tomorrow, if "the tight little island" should be dynamited by American machines hurled by Irish malignity, or merged beneath the ocean, a very noble story would be written by a hundred pens, and a century hence told by eloquent lips into hundreds of thousands of eager ears; that there was once a little island lying off the coast of Europe that governed a seventh of the habitable globe; that she was mistress of the high seas; that she had subjects of every color and in every clime; that the sun never set on her dominions; that she was the mother of nations; of her this people was born; her land was consecrated to liberty, so that the moment a slave placed his foot upon it his shackles broke, and there the cradle of religious liberty was rocked. Her people were many of them poor and vicious, but lying in them were traits of character that shone like seams of gold in the blackness of the mine. Some of her people were haughty, intensely

prejudiced, and yet these held the same traits that shone amid the vices of the others. From these came scholars of world-wide fame, orators of greatest influence, statesmen the envy of the world, poets of the sweetest song, and heroes of history. She gave to all the world an enormous beneficent literature. When men had lost faith in their prophets and gods they swore by her. And now, if you will seek the secret of her strength and glory, you will not find it in the land, for that was not especially fertile; nor in its clime, for it was thickened with fog; nor in its government, for that was by no means ideal; but you will find it in its character, its belief in right, its preference of truth and honor to wealth or even knowledge. That is the tale future generations would tell. England's faults would not be forgotten but might serve to give beauty to the picture, as clouds add beauty to the sky. I can imagine a father telling this tale to his son, and as he tells it, before the imagination of the child, England, purified and personified, would rise from the lashing foam of the western seas an angel against the pure blue of the sky, not to be worshiped but to breathe into his soul, "It is not wealth or knowledge, but it is righteousness that exalteth a nation."

I by no means say that England is faultless, but she is tied to us by so many cords—by history, by religion, by race, by language, law, literature—that notwithstanding her sins we ought to love her. She fights the same traffic in drink, she distributes the same Bible, and with us is endeavoring to spread the gospel of the grace of God all over the world. She has, therefore, a claim to our regard that no other nation has. Least of all should we give her wounds.

At the beginning of this century an English lady (I use the word in the English sense) had the misfortune to lose her husband in her early wedded life. He left her with a little boy, to whom she was devotedly attached. She lovingly called him my bonnie Charlie. Unfortunately for her she did what too many English ladies do—indulged in wine. It conquered her, and strange, according to our theories, and yet not at all strange according to observation, the child of her sober love became the object of her drunken hate. So brutal became her treatment of him that her friends, the executors of her husband's will, were obliged to separate them. Just at that time they started for Australia. It was thought better to take the child with them. When she discovered that her child had gone she was

like a bear bereaved of her cubs. She was uncontrollable, and went on drinking more and more, and fell from the lofty position of an English lady to an abandoned woman of the pavement. Ultimately she committed a crime, for which she was sent to Australia, then the home of British convicts.

Meanwhile the son grew, and became a wise and godly youth. In early manhood he attained the position of an Australian judge. One day there was brought into his court a degraded, bloated, bleary-eyed woman, to answer to the capital charge. The case was presented to the court, the judge instructed the jury to bring in a verdict of guilty. They retired, and in a few minutes returned with the fatal word guilty upon their lips.

The judge proceeded to pass sentence. Before the black cap was placed upon his head he asked the prisoner whether she had anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon her. She lifted her bleared eyes to him and said: "May it please your honor, you see before you a degraded, abandoned woman. I have not long to live. The sentence will in a few moments fall from your lips. In a few days I shall expiate my crime upon the scaffold. But, your honor, it was not always so with me. I was once a good woman, as honorable and pure as your own mother, your honor, but in early life I lost my husband, my child, and my God. My husband died and left me with my bonnie Charlie; I took to drink to drown my sorrow. I had only one comfort—my bonnie Charlie, and they took him from me. I heard they had taken him to Australia. I was sinking, sinking, sinking, and I sunk to crime that they might send me here where he was. I have sought him for years, hoping that I might appeal to his love and lean on him for redemption, but I cannot find him, I cannot find him. Oh! if your honor ever meet a man whom his mother called my bonnie Charlie, tell him that I loved him, and though I die a sinner I loved him as his mother." The judge quivered with excitement, he retired to his room, in a few moments he sent a note to the jury, saying: "Gentlemen, that prisoner may be guilty, but I cannot sentence her, for she is my mother." Oh! ye men with English names, for ye wear them; of English blood, for it is your very life; with your history written in English Bibles, and your ancestors in England's graves, if that judge could not as a man condemn that degraded woman because she was his mother,

can you assault or permit an assault to be made in your name upon your noble mother—dear old England?

What does England think of us? England's ignorance of us is so dense and pitiable that she thinks all manner of absurd and foolish things concerning us. English ladies think we are making a kind of a crazy quilt; one day they will lie beneath it. Some English writers say we are taking in the refuse of all nations and out of this making a kind of Bologna sausage. English philosophers and statesmen think we are putting up another tower of Babel. Already the top is heavy and swaying in the winds. It threatens to fall. Out of the ruins they will build a more permanent structure. But it is no crazy quilt, it is no Bologna sausage, it is no second edition of the tower of Babel. We may tell England that the Almighty is building America. He is attempting something on a larger and grander scale than He ever attempted before, and He has better material with which to work, too. He made the first man of clay. He made other nations of a few families; but of every nation, people, and tongue He is making on this continent the man for His own millennial glory.

I have an idea which I like to put in a figure, that the Lord is building an organ, every nation, people and tongue among us a voice built into it. The discordances among us are nothing but the tuning and adjustment of the instrument.

We send our thoughts on to the twentieth century. The goddess of music descends and sits before a magnificent bank of keys, each row a nation. Her hands are on the first, and "Britons never shall be slaves" is played; they descend to the next, and we listen to the plaintive strains of "Scots *wha ha* where Wallace bled;" to the next, and "Patrick's day in the morning" enlivens us; they are laid on the next, and we march to the "Marseillaise;" to the next, and we are on "The Watch on the Rhine;" they fall to the next, and our feet skip to the Scandinavian wedding marches; once more, and "Down by the Suwanee River" steals with its delicious pathos into our souls. And so on through every row until the last is reached, and then drawing the stop that opens the whole of the mighty instrument she plays a strain that brings 600,000,000 people to their feet—600,000,000 of free, happy, educated, sober, godly people to their feet. Not a serf among them, but sovereigns each of

them ; none cursed by labor, but all of them blessed by it. Not an Englishman, German, Irishman, Scandinavian, Indian, Negro, Chinese, or foreigner among them, but all of them Americans. And as the goddess rouses them by her most skillful touch and inspiring melody these 600,000,000 Americans rise, and in richest, sweetest, loudest voice pour forth their praise, and chant—

*My country ! 'Tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee we sing.*

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The "Janesville Gazette" declares that his lecture is the best heard in that city in eight years, and compares him with Beecher.

The Hon. John Edgar, of Rochester, Minnesota, says: "Nourse is a platform genius. He handles his subject and his audience as a master."

Dr. M. M. G. Dana, of St. Paul, writes: "Mr. Nourse has a genius for lecturing; he is humorous, easy in delivery, a fine speaker, and puts his audience at ease *en rapport* with himself and his subject."

A writer in The Sauk Co. (Wis.) "Democrat" affirms that, "He is a man of remarkable, almost phenomenal, power," and that "after listening to him for two hours the audience was not only sorry to have him stop but requested him to return and repeat it," which he did to a tremendous house.

Rev. Dr. C. H. Richards wrote a friend about it and said: "Robert Nourse's 'John and Jonathan' was both wise and witty, easily put and admirably delivered."

After lecturing at the great Summer Assembly at Chatanqua, the Associated Press telegraphed all over the country: "The address of Robert Nourse on 'John and Jonathan,' at 2 P. M. to-day was versatile, sharp and witty to the last degree. Again and again was the great audience convulsed with laughter."

The correspondent of "The Christian at Work" put into the columns of that paper the following passage: "The most brilliant and witty lecture at Chatanqua as far was delivered by Robert Nourse on 'John and Jonathan.' This gentleman carried his audience with a vim and dash which were delightful."

An Evansville paper says: "He appears to be talking more because he likes to than for the money he is to receive."

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